Solar Flares

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Solar Flares

by SpiritualRespite

Summary

From writing-prompt-s tumblr

The prompt:

The eldritch god stood before the girl, in almost human form. “Your parents sold you to be my bride. I accepted, knowing that if I don’t they will just try another deity, but I will not force this on you. Have this credit card and live as you wish. If you want something else instead, just ask.”

Written for @mybrainissoupwillkinnie on tumblr

Chapter 1

The eldritch god was almost in a human form, but it would randomly become hazy in spots. It was a random haze that more akin to being out of focus, and it would randomly change its places every few seconds. From what Will could make out, the form had sharp cheekbones, light eyebrows, and reddish brown eyes. It was quite the handsome face for a being Will had spent his whole life being prepared to be a virgin bride for. Though it flickered every ten or so seconds for a split second to a completely black form of a man with solid white eyes and elk antlers. Thankfully, for most of the time spent staring down at Will, it was in the handsome form of a man with greying brown hair swept back politely.

"Your father sold you to be my bride," the god looked very troubled as it stared down at Will. "I accepted knowing that, if I don't, they would have just tried another deity. I will not force this on you beyond what the soul binding contract states." It reached into its pocket and pulled out a sleek black card, extending it out to Will who didn't accept it. "Have this credit card and live as you wish. If you want something else instead, just ask."

Looking around as though people may come jumping out like one of those tacky prank shows, Will frowns. He felt no ill intent from off the eldritch god, but it still didn't mean his hands didn't shake slightly as he took the card. Not making eye contact anymore now, Will mechanically looked over the card before just holding it in his hands. He had no pockets in the thin white dress, so he just ran his thumbs around the edges of the card to distract himself in some little way. "What should I call you then?"

"Hannibal Lecter," it spoke carefully and managed to get his form to solidify to about six feet tall and only the human form, no more flickering. "Do know that you can live anyway you wish so long as we fulfill the soul binding contract that consists of meeting for one full day a week minimum. Beyond that, there is no obligation. Though I will be staying by your side until you've settled in wherever you choose to be."

Will now made eye contact with Hannibal again, "Any way that I want as long as I follow this contract that my soul has been tied to against my will. Let me guess, I have to give you a child as well, don't I?"

"If you want a child, I'm sure there are avenues you can take," Hannibal tilts his head, shrugging. "I'm assuming everything your father has tried to sell me on is false information meant to placate me so he could have his wish. Tell me, Will, what do you want?"

"I want to be left alone," Will answers and frowns deeply, uncomfortable and growing cold in the autumn air that blew around him. "I want to live in the middle of nowhere and be left alone."

"I swear on my power that I will not bother you after we get you fully settled in, except for the one day a week or if I believe your life is in danger or that you are unwell. I will, however, gladly keep you company should you ask for it." Hannibal smiles and extends a hand that is glowing. "Accept my hand if you accept my terms."

Will doesn't hesitate to accept the offered hand in one of his own, "I accept your terms."

Smiling as he shook Will's hand, Hannibal winked and sparkling lights surrounded them until it was just the two of them in a galaxy like space where stars danced off in the distance. It was still well lit, and Will found it easy to look about as he floated in place, hand still in Hannibal's.

"I must ask," Hannibal continues to smile softly as he watches Will look about in awe. "Will you continue to live in the brush strokes of a maker that enjoys putting souls in the wrong bodies," he flashes his hand up and a mirror appears before Will, drawing his attention to it. Instead of himself, Will saw what he wished he looked like. Like the man he always knew himself to be. "Or will you accept the brush I offer to you to dip into paint from your own pallette and show me your design?"

"You can make this appear?" Will looks up at Hannibal, pulling his long curls out of the way so he can see him properly. "Everything?"

"I can help to make this appear," Hannibal answers and waves his hand, Will's hair instantly becoming shorter, still maintaining the curls but not the feminine air that they once had. "And I can fund what's not possible for me to change like this."

"I thought you were a god," Will replies with no real tone to his voice as he reaches his hand up to touch his hair, marvelling at how it changed. Perhaps there were worse fates than being sold off to an eldritch god of times unknown.

"I can," Hannibal answers, "But I'm not certain you'd keep your wits about you afterward. I've found my touch can be... overwhelming for beings of mortal flesh."

"Oh," Will nods, feeling a slight bit of disappointment pooling in his gut. "But it is something you'll let me do?"

"Does the sun require permission to rise and set with each day?" Hannibal chuckles softly and pats Will's hair, enjoying the volume it had now that the locks held less weight.

"I suppose it does not," Will answers and finds himself amused at the conversation at hand despite himself. "Though that which lives beneath its rays find themselves at mercy of its flares, and I find myself more akin to those that live beneath rather than the sun."

"Are you trying to imply I am the sun?" Hannibal laughs, a deep and reserved sound that was not too loud or quiet, nor was it too drawn out or cut short. His eyes amber as the stars moved to form a portal of sorts off to the side.

On the other side of the portal, Will could see a very charming and small cabin nestled on the side of a broad mountain and surrounded by woods. A short walk away from the cabin was a quaint stream that gurgled its way down, the depth of its color giving way to show that were dimly lit as though being highlighted for him to see. Elk meandered around the mountain, and deer walked through trails lower down the mountain on more flat terrain. Will could see no one for miles, and it gave him peace. Peace he had always thought was beyond his reach.

"Does this please you, Will?" Hannibal asks, assessing eyes scanning over Will openly as they attempted to discern what unspoken words flowed through the unknown mind. "Is it secluded enough for your liking?"

"It's beautiful," Will answered.

Sweet Potato Chips

A week was spent getting Will set up with everything he could need. Hannibal found himself much more fond of the man that was given to him than he expected himself to be. Will's expressions were varied but well controlled, and Hannibal noted that Will was also making eye contact with him regularly. Yet when they went in public, the level of eye contact, if any was given at all, was minimal with everyone else. No small bit of his pride swelled at that, and it was further stoked when Will accepted and asked for some input as he chose new clothes and furniture. Despite not exactly wanting to take on a charge, whether as a spouse or something else, Hannibal found himself loathing the time when Will would ask to be left alone. He knew it would come, especially when Will began to check over the cabin for anything they might have missed that would qualify as settling in.

Honestly, Will was quite overwhelmed at the sudden turn his life has taken and even more overwhelmed by the generosity given by the being that no doubt could remember times ancient to even the oldest life on earth. In the back of his mind, he knew Hannibal could just as easily have killed him the moment he saw him. Perhaps he thought about it. Eldritch anything was beyond human comprehension, and Will was beginning to think Hannibal was beyond anything's comprehension. Hannibal made him curious in a way that a flame makes a moth come closer, and Will knew they would have to separate sooner than later. Will also just wanted time to explore what the both of them had learned about their soul binding.

Contracts of the soul could take many forms once created, or so Hannibal said. He had also claimed they continued to change and bend and grow as the parties involved interacted. The one they had formed was of spouses, and Hannibal had informed him he believed the contract would allow information to be passed easily. Will was almost certain Hannibal was trying to implant the idea in Will's head so that the contract would, and Will had deftly shaped the idea so that there was a lockable door on his end in response. With all the references to the power of the mind that Hannibal made, Will was also beginning to assume it smart to fortify his mind with imaginary defense lines and walls. Smarter to imagine the bond was something tangible within what Hannibal called a mind palace. Will would rather be thought of as silly than left with an opening he couldn't cope with.

Both men were finding themselves mildly unwilling to part when Will came back into the kitchen where Hannibal was making some lunch. "Is everything up to your standards now, Will?" Hannibal couldn't help himself from saying Will's name as often as he could, couldn't help that it felt so good to slip off his tongue.

"...it is," Will answered almost hesitantly. He honestly didn't want the first understanding ear in his very sheltered life to leave yet. When they first met under the concept of ritualistic sacrifice and an eldritch god, Will was preparing himself to have his life even further stripped of his choice. Now there was no real concept Will was forced into heavily, though he also wouldn't exactly say he was free. Anything he would have now just came from Hannibal, a man who was still very much an eldritch god. Yet Will couldn't find himself angry with the situation, if anything he was as close to happy as he had ever been.

"Do you find yourself seeking the company of woods alone now?" Hannibal asks as he starts to plate the simple sandwiches of homemade bread and some lunch meat Will picked out the day before. For a side. Hannibal had made some baked sweet potato chips and drizzled them with garlic infused olive oil then sprinkled with sea salt.

Accepting the plate pushed towards him as he sits down, "I find myself… unsure."

"Unsure?" Hannibal repeats and stays standing as he eats the sandwich more to find out what Will likes and less because store bought lunch meat from a chain grocer was appetizing.

"Unsure," Will nods and picks up his sandwich to take a bite.

"Is my presence unwelcome?" Hannibal asks, tone carefully neutral, not wanting to make Will feel pressured.

"Your presence is welcomed," Will assures after swallowing the bite. He sets the sandwich back down on the plate and looks at Hannibal. "What makes me unsure is how much everything has changed. I was raised to prepare myself to be wed off to some eldritch abomination, and now I find that view flipped on its head."

"I do believe I'm far from an abomination by looks," Hannibal chuckles softly and sets his sandwich down as well, fully planning to abandon it. "Do you think some alone time would do you well? Give you space to think?"

Mulling it over in his head, Will looks down at his plate, "I think I can get space enough by going fishing." He eats a chip as he thinks it over a bit more, turning around the thought of sending Hannibal away for six days a week feeling empty. "Am I allowed to keep dogs?"

"I don't see why not, considering this is your house," Hannibal answers, his tone still carefully neutral. He more than idly hopes Will doesn't send him packing so quickly.

Will eats another chip before answering, "I think I will be good enough with a dog or two to keep me company. No need to waste any more of your time than I have."

"You are no waste of time, Will, I wouldn't have accepted if I didn't have the time and resources," Hannibal assures him but Will doesn't look convinced in the slightest, if his mildly disgruntled expression is to go by.

Immediately, Will found himself still building up a wall quickly. "Okay."

They ate in silence now, Hannibal putting the sandwich off to the side but eating the sweet potato chips. Before Will could get up to walk his plate to the sink, Hannibal gathered up both plates and placed them in the sink for later. A somewhat awkward silence now fell, and Will ended up breaking it. "I'm going for a walk."

Nodding, Hannibal watches Will leave before heaving a heavy sigh. As he goes to start washing the plates and utensils in the sink, Will pops his head back in. "...I haven't made good paths in the woods. Want to come?"

Hannibal smiles at Will as he turns, "You don't require space to think?"

"Not right now," Will answers, silently conceding to Hannibal and waiting for the man to join him.

Coming around the kitchen island and joining Will, Hannibal follows him out the door. "Let's go, shall we?" There was still an awkward air now that there wasn't a task for both of them to focus on, but the silence was no longer heavy.

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